

Dwight Remont Price was my father. Even two years after he was murdered it is still hard for me to swallow that pill. My new reality is difficult without my dad because although I am married I used to call him when I had a question about anything “manly” related. I had a car accident the September before he passed and called him to help me get my car from the junkyard home and like always he was there for me in his cab. A few years before that I lost a pregnancy with twins and needed to get a D&C and he was the one to drop me off for my procedure and pick me up. He had that caring heart not just for his kids but also for his other family members and friends.

The day my father passed I had no clue, I was at work and saw on the news that a man was found dead from a gunshot wound at, no other than, Hazelwood Central High School which is also the school I graduated from so of course I tuned in and like most news stories that are sad like that I said a prayer of strength for the family because that is how my mother and father raised me even though they were not together. Little did I know I was praying for MYSELF and MY FAMILY. I did not even find out that it was my father that they were talking about on the news until the evening of the next day. I even reached out to my aunt who lives close to the school and still had children who attended the school if she had heard anything more about it, because it was so heavy on my heart. She told me that her son said that it had something to do with a cab driver and that went right over my head until my first condolences text from another one of my aunts that watches the news faithfully. When she said that she was sorry for my loss I was confused but immediately thought about the cab driver and my high school and thought to myself “No that’s not it” then I received the phone call from my baby sister yelling and screaming on the other end saying that someone killed daddy. That day I lost all feeling and instantly became sick and angry. Who would do this to my dad especially while he was working. I’m not going to say my dad wouldn’t hurt a fly cuz he would but while working he was the happiest joyful person just trying to get his customers to their destinations safely and satisfied. I knew this because there were so many times I would call him while he was at work and if he was driving he would call me back as soon as he stopped or if he was waiting on someone he would answer and tell me how he could talk to me until his customer came back to the cab.

Of course the justice system is the justice system, so I was happy to know that the police found and caught everyone in the cab but when I found out one was a juvenile and then eventually found out that he was the shooter that shot and killed my dad. Although this is the federal system and you don't deal with the state affairs I was flabbergasted when I found out that the state did not charge the juvenile with any crime with this case. That being said the time he gets through the federal courts is ALL the time he will serve. So for me and my family we of course want him to feel the pain we feel and serve as much time as possible because at 17 he should not have had his hands on a gun whether it was his or someone else's. Gun control is already an issue in the United States and to know that a juvenile had his hands on a gun that ultimately was the weapon that caused the death of my father is unacceptable.

The death of my father has impacted so many and the way in which he died has really affected our family in a negative manner. My grandmother(his mother) has suffered in her health causing her blood pressure to elevate to dangerous levels from stress thinking about her son and daughter which she lost earlier this year. She is not eating like she is supposed to which is also causing her health problems. My older sister is having PTSD symptoms as well as nightmares anytime she is thinks about our dad, my younger sister is having financial difficulties because our dad was her scapegoat whenever she needed money he was the first person she would call and he would do his best to help her out, and for myself I have to re-live that day I found out he had passed everyday because I live in the neighborhood behind the school. My daughter goes to the elementary school behind the high school and every time I drop her off I have to look at where he died. My son's preschool is right in front of the high school which I also can see where he died. My oldest son will soon be going to Hazelwood Central High School and he has begged me to enroll him somewhere else because it is too hard for him to be on the same school grounds on which his Pawpaw(what my kids called their grandfather) got killed at. He was not just my hero, my kids loved their grandfather and already seen him overcome a bad construction accident that could have took his life. But they saw how he recovered from that accident and thought he was invincible.....until this happened.

As a mother I understand that kids make poor choices and deserve second chances so it is so hard for me to just say "Oh I want this kid to suffer in prison for the rest of his life" but I can't. I do believe in the justice system to an extent and believe that everyone deserves a second chance. But, I do not want Trishawn Jones to have that second chance for many many years. If he gets sentenced the 22 years that they are asking for that would only be a little over 18 and a half years which means he will be a free before he even turns 40. Which that I do not feel is fair. If it was up to me I would be satisfied with him getting out around the same age of my father when he was murdered which is 54, but that may not be fair in the court system. I just ask you today Judge Autrey that you give him more than the 22 years that they are asking for since he technically is not being sentenced for the actual murder. I want him to feel those years and hopefully when he does get out of prison he proves to himself and others that the justice system can reform criminals. Thank you for your time and all that you do in this justice system.

Victim's Daughter

I am Dwight's Aunt. I helped care for him when he was growing up and he lived with me off and on from age 15 until he bought his own home. Dwight was a hard worker. He took care of his family. He was like a son to me. I depended on him for so many things. He was my confidante, my friend and protector. Before I got remarried and I was single, he looked after me. There was a respect we had for one another. He never stopped looking out for me. He worked hard and was giving of his time and talents. You couldn't be down or depressed around him. He kept you laughing. He never had a bad day. I could go on and on about his good nature, his big heart and warm soul, but I'd never get done. He never met a stranger. He had a rough job driving a cab and our last conversation, he told me not to worry about him. He was a great son, father, grandfather, nephew and friend. His absence is felt throughout our family. We are a family that even if you don't talk every day, we are there for one another. He was a true force for his family. His laughter, ability to keep us tied and his love will be missed.

Victim's Aunt